

THE GLEANER

1906.

Julius T. Bloch.

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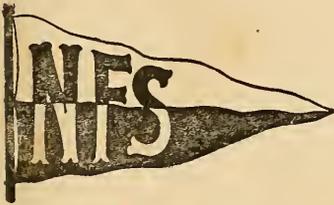
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THE GLEANER

Vol. VI National Farm School, December, 1906 No. 9



Royal Green and Gold.

It's no use groaning—
It's no use moaning—
It's no use feeling sore.
Keep on staying—
Keep on playing—
As you have done before.
Fight you sinners,
You're the winners
If you stick and stay.
Never give in
While you're livin'—
That is Farm School's way.

Hurrah for the royal "green and gold"

We'll love them to the end.
True to them we'll stand
And true to ev'ry friend.
So rise up boys and cheer,
For these colors bright and clear
Which we shall e'er hold dear—
For the royal "green and gold."

It's no use trying—
It's no use crying—
It's no use raising cain.
We don't fear you—
We'll be near you
When you come again.

When you bump us
What a rumpus,
We are here to say
Then we'll ram you,
Buck and slam you—
That is Farm School's way.
LEONARD ROSENSTEIN, '10.

His Redemption.

IT was the first scrimmage of the season between the 'varsity and the scrub teams of Stanton College; and Merton, the coach, could be seen watching the men closely. Beside him stood Williams, his assistant, constantly making remarks about the men.

The new rules seemed to keep the ball changing sides continually. For a while it was "nip and tuck" but finally Tierson, quarter on the 'varsity, circled the right end and had a clear field before him, with the exception of Brown, the scrub's quarter. This was very interesting to the coaches as it was a pick between both these men for quarterback.

Tierson ran down the field with all his might, but it seemed as though Brown could easily tackle him; but, to the surprise of all, he seemed to hesitate while he tackled, and Tierson succeeded in scoring a touchdown.

"Brown is afraid," commented Williams to his superior, who kept close watch on both men, but did not say a word.

In the following scrimmages, Tierson proved himself superior to Brown in tackling and taking chances. He would "dive in" wherever there was a chance; but Brown, although stronger and faster than his opponent, seemed to be afraid to take chances, and was therefore blackmarked by the coaches.

When the first team was finally picked for signal practice, Tierson had a sprained ankle and was kept out of the game. Brown was used as quarter and did quite well at handling the ball and calling signals.

Three days before the first game, Tierson was again in condition, and Brown was taken out. To Brown it was a great disappointment, and he felt disgusted, for he considered it unfair to be thus treated by the captain. The uppermost feeling in Brown's heart was revenge.

That night he "brooded" deeply over the matter, and finally sat down and wrote a list of the team's signals and mailed them to Delmarte College, with whom the first game was to be played.

The day for the game came at last. Stanton won the toss and chose to receive the ball, Keaton, Stanton's left half caught the ball on the kick off and ran it back ten yards. For the first two downs, Delmarte seemed to meet the plays directly, and Stanton was forced to punt. By good playing Stanton recovered the ball, but was again forced to punt.

To Tierson this seemed strange, for he had tried a very deceptive "fake play" but Delmarte was not deceived at all. Tierson suspected that Delmarte knew his signals. He asked the captain to call "time out," and discussed the matter with him. It was decided that they change the signals.

This seemed much better; for every time Tierson tried some play, Delmarte seemed to be expecting another, and it was with little difficulty that Stanton secured its first touchdown. The first half ended with the score of 6 to 0 in favor of Stanton. In the second half Stanton, by good playing and Tierson's headwork, scored another touchdown, making the score 12-0 in their favor.

During the game, Auble, Stanton's fullback and captain, decided to ask Delmarte's captain whether they really knew the signals. After the game he did; whereupon, Delmarte's captain, who hated traitors, gave Auble the letter containing the signals. The writing was immediately recognized as that of Brown's, and from that time henceforth, Brown's life at college was made as unpleasant as it could possibly have been.

It was three days before the hardest game of the season. This was the game with Georgia University, an old rival of Stanton's. The game was to be played at Stanton, but everybody seemed sad about something. The fact was that Stanton had felt the "pangs of hard luck." Tierson, their only quarter, had again sprained his ankle in practice. The captain was on "pins and needles," for without a quarter, little chance would there be for them to win.

* * * * *

Clark, the left tackle on the team, was a native of the same town that Brown had come from, and felt Brown's disgrace almost as much as Brown did himself. He had known Brown's family for a long while, and knew the suffering they bore since hearing of Brown's fallacy. Clark thought the matter over, and decided that Brown ought to be given another chance. Clark was the only one that thought so, for when he proposed if he was looked upon with surprise and came near being "hooted down."

That evening the football squad gathered in one of the rooms to discuss matters, and Clark grasped the first opportunity to speak upon this matter. He did it with such forcefulness, by painting the picture of how Brown's parents felt, and what it meant to Brown's future, that he won the hearts of all the players.

* * * * *

The day of the game came at last; bright, clear and cold, just the right kind of weather for football. When the teams lined up, Brown was at quarter. The game he played was marvelous; for he tackled hard, was not afraid of anything, used headwork to the very best advantage, and in fact worked the team automatically. Four times he saved the day for Stanton by tackling Georgia players, when they had a clear field. Twice he carried the ball for twenty-five yards; in fact, he could not have played a better game. He was cheered, time and time again; and he was happy, for he knew that in that great crowd were his mother and sister.

Five minutes to play, and neither side had scored. Stanton had just received the ball on its own forty yard line. Brown sent the left half around right end for five yards. A try between right end and tackle resulted in a loss of two yards. One more down and seven yards to gain. Brown did some fast thinking, for time was short. Calling the signals he received the ball and circled right end. Eluding the half he gave the end his "straight arm" and succeeded in gaining a clear field, with the exception of the quarter. With all his might he rushed towards him, throwing him headlong, and succeeded in scoring a touchdown. The cheering became deafening and Brown was lifted upon shoulders and carried about the field. He had won the game.

LOUIS LIEB, '09.

FOOTBALL

As Told by Farmer Jenkins.

IT was only two weeks ago last Saturday that my friend "Sy" Parkins extended me an invitation to see a football game. As there was little work of importance upon the farm, and it was my first opportunity to see a game, I most thankfully accepted his kind invitation.

I awoke early that morning; even my dog "Prince" was yet cuddled up close to the fireside, dreaming of the bone he was to receive that morning. As I entered the barn, my horse "John" stretched his ears; undoubtedly surprised that work was to be commenced at such an early hour.

Upon finishing the chores about the barn I at once made all preparations to catch the ten o'clock train.

At last we were off. The unhusked corn, shocked in the fields alongside of the railroad, made my heart feel glad, for I knew that all my woes of corn husking were o'er.

After a two hours' ride, we reached the city; and everywhere we heard talk concerning the big football game. In fact it seemed as though it were a national holiday.

The large skyscrapers of the city caught my eye. One building, especially, was of huge dimensions, and I began calculating to my friend "Sy" the great number of horses and cattle I would place within it, if it were mine! But my economical thoughts of farming were soon disturbed; for my friends said that it was time for us to start for the ball grounds.

It did not take long before we reached the gates of the ball park. As we entered, loud cries and cheers resounded from all sides. At first, I thought that this was an expression of welcome to me from the crowd, and responded to this extended honor by several modest bows; but at this juncture my friend explained things, and I readily saw my mistake. After

begging a thousand pardons, I seated myself near my friend.

How different things about me appeared. Never in my life had I seen so many flags, ribbons and banners. I could not understand it. But my friend "Sy" said that it was the "enthusiasm." "Well," I thought to myself, "By gum, I could have bought many of those sows that were on sale by Jerry Hencrow, if I had the money spent on 'enthusiasm.'"

The cheering became louder, and looking about to see its cause, I spied a number of peculiarly dressed men rushing out on the field.

"Those are the players," whispered my friend "Sy" in a low tone.

I comprehended. But why such big shoulders, and the wearing of helmets. But my friend said that if I would only wait patiently, I would soon see the great benefit derived from wearing this armor.

At last, after many moments of uneasiness and anxiety, the game commenced. Before I conceived of anything, a large ball, similar to a water melon in shape, was flying through the air. Someone caught it, and this was followed by a rush and then a scramble.

"Penn has got the ball," whispered my friend, as I saw the players form two rows and face each other.

"What difference does it make whether Penn or Franklin has the ball?" thought I, but my thoughts were interrupted by another play. This time one of the players was running towards us, with the ball close to his breast, and several other players were speeding behind so as to take it away from him. I thought, perhaps, that I might be of service, and motioned him to throw the ball to me. At this moment someone behind me yelled out: "Hold on to the 'pigskin'—hold on to the 'pigskin'."

"Hold on to yourself, go! darn it," answered I, much angered at the remark, which I thought was directed at me.

But my friend soon quieted me down and made further explanations; that "pigskin" was only a technical term for the word "football."

The players were now near the end of the field. After the next play the cheering increased, and I amazingly looked on.

"Hurrah," shouted my friend, "a touchdown for Penn."

"What's a touchdown?" I asked my friend, who with little difficulty explained it to me in a hurry.

So the game proceeded; and although legs, noses and arms were broken, after it was over, I had to honestly admit that it was a great game.

MORRIS BLACHMAN, '10.

A Mother's Forgiveness.

AFTER a hard and strenuous term of school work, vacation had at last arrived. Howard Bartley and his mother were busily engaged in discussing a very important subject. During the past season Howard Bartley was the star player of the Harvard eleven and was therefore elected captain for the coming year. His mother was very much against his taking part in the game the coming season. This was a terrible blow to him, for now he would be deprived of his favorite pleasure. But he felt it his duty to please his beloved mother, and so he promised her that he would not participate in the game.

Upon returning to college in the fall he found the football "spirit" running high. More and more he regretted the moment when he promised his mother that he would have nothing to do with the "pigskin." Still he thought to himself that he might play without her being aware of the same. Thus temptation stood in his way and he determined to play. In practice he excelled all the other players; scoring on the "scrubs" successively and throwing his opponents right and left.

The day for the Krinceton game was

on hand. All Barvard were anxious for the outcome of this game which was to give the inter-collegiate championship to the victorious team. Upon Howard more depended than upon any other individual player, for besides being captain, his strong aggressive playing was well known by all. All the newspapers were full of news concerning the great game. Glancing over the morning paper, Mrs. Bartley, surprisingly, saw Howard's name mentioned in Barvard's line-up. Could he have broken his promise to her. With tears in her eyes she strode over to the football field to save Howard before the battle began.

* * * * *

Barvard and Krinceton were playing their hardest; nevertheless, all was fast and clean football. Twice had Barvard reached their opponents' five-yard line, and both times they lost the ball by fumbling. All the Krinceton "rooters" were wild with joy, when their team scored a safety on Barvard. Thus the first half ended: Krinceton, 2; Barvard, 0.

During the intermission Coach Haley, of Barvard, got the players together and talking discouragedly of their first half's work, assured them success in the second half if they would only get right into it. Determined to win, even at the cost of their lives, the plucky Barvardites trotted out on the field at the call of the referee's whistle.

The second half began with Barvard kicking off to Krinceton. Lavey, the big back, caught the ball and ran for thirty yards before being downed. Cheers from the Krinceton "bleachers" filled the air.

"14-18-111-32," called the Krinceton quarter-back, and away went the left half-back for a ten yard gain round right end.

In such manner Krinceton gained repeatedly, till they came within five yards of Barvard's goal line. Here

they were held for "downs," and Barvard punted the ball to midfield.

The close of the game was drawing nigh, with the ball in Krinceton's possession on their own twenty-five yard line. At this juncture, Barvard began to show wonderful strength by "holding" their opponents, and thereby gaining possession of the ball.

Howard spoke to his team-mates with a cheerful, and yet somewhat nervous tone. In the first and second "downs" they failed to gain.

"Third down—seven yards to gain," shouted the referee, "and only one-half minute to play."

The last chance! Howard called for a "drop kick." But alas! the ball was passed too low. All depended upon him, if anything was to be done. Grasping the ball under his arm he darted like a deer around left end. Passing all the men on the line, the spectators, breathlessly waited to see what would happen, when he would reach the quarter-back. As he came near him, he leaped, with all the ferocity of a tiger, clear over his head. This feat brought all of the Krinceton as well as the Barvard "rooters" to their feet. It was a record-breaking hurdle, and brought a "touchdown" to Barvard.

At that moment Mrs. Bartley entered the grounds. She heard repeated cheer for Bartley—Captain Bartley. Spying him leaving the field with his arms on the shoulders of two of his fellow students, she rushed towards him. With all of the loving kindness of a true mother she embraced him. After hearing from his team-mates of his heroic work in the game, she forgave him.

That night there was great rejoicing in the Barvard "camp." And not a happier pair than Howard Bartley and his mother, could be found in that great gathering.

SAMUEL S. RUDLEY, '08.

THE GLEANER

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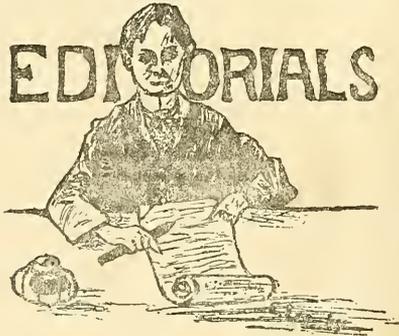
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This issue is in honor of our football team, that has so pluckily and courageously fought its battles throughout the season. Although it met defeat, it took defeat bravely, and was as a whole not discouraged.

Praise be given the scrubs who so valiantly aided the 'varsity. Without them, what could we have done?

And above all, thanks and credit are due to our coach, Prof. Durward, who manifested so much interest in

the team, without the least thought of receiving compensation in any way. Once more, I repeat, let us give three cheers for our coach.

* * *

It would be unfair if praise and glory were given only the team—for as much praise, if not more, is due to the worthy supporters of the, "green and gold." They it were who put courage in the hearts of the players after they had lost a game. They showed the team that they were willing to stand by it, win or lose.

We are all proud of you loyal supporters. We are sure that without you the team could never have made the creditable showing it made.

Let us hope for the same kind of support and enthusiasm in the future, as our coach has often told us that "enthusiasm will win where strength cannot."

* * *

The earliest facts concerning the game of football come from ancient Greece, where a game, much ruder and undeveloped than the modern game, was played. As there were no rules governing the conduct of the players, it became semi-barbarous at times, and caused numerous accidents. The game as played by the Greeks, consisted wholly in kicking the ball. Smith in his Dictionary of Antiquities says: "It was the game at football, played in much the same way as with us, by a great number of persons divided into two parties opposed to one another."

The ancient game of harpastum, played by the Romans, resembled the modern game, as both kicking and carrying the ball were instituted.

But not until the game was introduced into Great Britain did it win popular favor. This was in the early part of the twelfth century. At first it was in great disfavor, especially by the nobility, but gradually it gained the popular approval. It was not long before an annual day was set apart,

as a festival for this sport. Thus Shrove Tuesday became known as "football day," and was so called till the year 1830, when "football day" was abolished.

From this time forward it lost a great deal of interest throughout England, and cricket became the national game. Football associations were formed between the years 1863-71, and since that time the game has been played under regulations, which have tended to put it upon a more systematic basis.

The most conspicuous development of the game has been seen in the United States. Here it is mostly played by schools and universities, and has therefore been conducted on a more friendly basis. The first game in this country is recorded as having been played in the early 80's between the Yale and Harvard colleges. Since then changes have been made gradually, so as to raise the game to its highest state of perfection.

* * *

Each year the objections against football become the more serious. The game is too brutal—too many accidents are caused—is the ever-resounding cry. Let us halt for a moment and see how much foundation, in reality, this objection bears.

In regard to the large number of accidents caused as a result of this "brutal" game, nearly all will admit that accidents will happen, no matter how rough or gentle the sport. We have but to refer to the statistics and the number of serious accidents caused by football will be found to be comparatively low as compared with the number of serious accidents caused by other sports. And still football is claimed to be entirely too rough and brutal—the cause of numerous accidents! Why not automobiling or prize-fighting?

* * *

Rosenstein, '10—Say "Mickie," how many halves in a football game?

The Football Season.

With a team, practically made up of green material—Miller, Rudley and Leon the only members of former experience—Farm School opened the football season. In addition to being inexperienced, the team was the lightest ever known at Farm School—barely averaging 138 pounds.

With these odds confronting them, the team, backed by the enthusiasm of the student-body, was able to defeat the Germantown Academy.

But the Penn Charter game, which came a few days later, was a test for our extreme lightness. The superior weight of our opponents was a great handicap, and Farm School was defeated.

The fellows had learned something from the Penn Charter game, and the practice of the following week showed a marked improvement. With few anticipations of victory, Farm School defeated the Trenton High School, thereby maintaining the laurels won by the two former Farm School teams.

Next came the Easton High School game. Although outplaying their opponents, notwithstanding that their opponents were fifteen pounds heavier per man, Farm School lost.

But the annual battle for Farm School came at last—the Central Manual game. Few hopes were entertained of Farm School's making a creditable showing against such overwhelming odds. But Farm School gathered her resources, both strength and spirit, and held them to the low score of 6 to 0. This was a great surprise.

Two years ago the score between these two teams was 0 to 0. Last year it was 4 to 0, in Manual's favor.

Taking all factors into consideration, the season, no doubt, was successful. The wonderful improvement made by the team from the beginning of the season may be seen from the comparative scores made against

Penn Charter and Central Manual tied.

Let us give three "rahs" for the team, and hope for better prospects next season. M. L.

Skina-ma-rick, a-rick-a-rock
 Holly-ke-zuck, a-zick-a-zock
 Bif-bop,
 Zeppi-de-zop,
 Who's on top?

FARM SCHOOL.

A. L. R.

Individual Analysis of Players.

With the graduation of last year's class, Farm School lost eight of her 'varsity men. As a result we were confronted at the opening of the season with that difficult problem in football, the making of a team from green material. Nevertheless, when all is considered, the season was a successful one, and one we may well be proud of.

Captain Miller, who in former years played at end, was this year placed at right half. He has displayed good qualities, both as a leader of the eleven and as a player. He is a fast, aggressive player and has remarkable speed; also having played strong on the second defense, when our line failed to hold.

Lieb, although not giving much promise early in the season, soon mastered the rudiments of the game, and became our choice for fullback. This position he filled admirably, being a most aggressive player and getting-off fast. He could always be relied upon to carry the ball successfully. Unfortunately, Lieb was injured early in the season, sustaining an injury to his knee, that kept him out of the game for the rest of the season. He will be a valuable man for the squad next year.

Leon began the season at tackle and there played a strong game, especially on the offensive. Later, upon the injury to Lieb, he was called back to

full. At this position he played with credit to himself and team, playing hard all the time and fighting for every inch of ground.

Fleischer, although his first year on the team, has played exceedingly well. On defensive work he has been a strong player, always showing good judgment in following the ball and detecting the attack of the opponents. On the offensive he needs to develop more speed and follow his interference more closely. With the improvement of these defects, we should have in him a strong back-field man for next season.

Feldman began the game at center. He proved erratic, however, in this position, passing the ball poorly at times. Tackle proved to be his natural position. Although new at the game, he soon proved that he had in him the making of a good line man. His only fault has been in not getting down low enough on the defense. With proper coaching, he should become a stronghold next year.

Major has played at left end during the season. Although his first season, he has played an exceptionally good game. He has proven himself a good ground gainer and has shown ability in handling forward passes. His great trouble in his slowness in starting. We hope to eradicate this difficulty by next season.

Ratner, though light, has held down the guard position on the right side of the line. He was also new at the game, but soon learned the rudiments. His greatest difficulty has been in getting off-side. In the last game of the season, however, he proved that he had mastered this difficulty. Like the others, he has also failed to play low enough.

Spyer appeared near the middle of the season and became a candidate for center. This position he filled very creditably, with the exception of a few bad passes. It was not until the Easton game, however, that he

showed his aggressive power of play. With another season's coaching, he should prove a strong man for one of the three center positions.

Green has proven himself to be a strong man at guard. Though light for that position, opposing teams have found him difficult to budge. He has always followed the ball closely and charged quickly.

Margulies, though not a regular on the team till mid-season, has played strong at tackle and substitute half-back. Tackle seemed to be his best place; breaking through and tackling hard is one of his strong points.

Frank played at tackle the two opening games of the season. Heretofore his position was the pivot one. His presence on the line greatly strengthened it and made it possible for us to gain through his position. We regret that he stopped playing early in the season.

Rock was the greatest surprise of all. He played faithfully on the scrubs all season, but it was not till lately that he showed his football qualities. As an offensive player, he was one of the strongest on the team. He played tackle in both the Easton High and Central Manual games, and deserves much credit for his work. His ability to break up interference was at times wonderful.

Schlessinger alternated at right end and quarter. He did well at both positions, but end is, undoubtedly, his natural position. He is quite speedy on running down under punts, but is apt to run blindly. He has shown good qualities as a drop kicker and with careful coaching should become a valuable man for next year's squad.

Weil, who alternated with Schlessinger at end, has played a consistent game. Like the other ends, he has been poor in judging punts. Weil has proven a sure tackler and a strong defensive player. Although light, he has in him the making of a good player.

Ostrolenk, though having only played a few times, has earned for himself the chance of making good next year. He has worked hard at guard and will not be "found wanting" another season. With proper coaching he should prove one of our strong regulars next year.

Stabinsky has played as sub. tackle and half. He is rather light for the line, but if his speed can be developed, should prove a good man in the back field. His chief difficulty has been his slowness in starting. We hope to remedy this by next season.

Rudley has proved his ability as quarter. His defensive work was always of high character, having missed only one tackle, of the many chances taken, this season. He has shown good generalship in running the team, and they, in return, have shown complete confidence in him. It was only rare that his judgment could be questioned. His lack of weight does not seem to interfere with his work as a defensive player. We have in him a quarter of high order for another season.

Lastly, I wish to say that it is with regret that we lose by graduation four of our players—Miller, Léon, Rock and Green. This will leave four holes which will be hard to fill.

D. A. DURWARD,
Coach.

In the Days of Old.

It was not like this in the olden days,
It was not like this at all.

In the rare, old fair, old golden days,

When we used to play real football.
Then we all hurdled if we wanted to,
And we used to "slug" real bold.

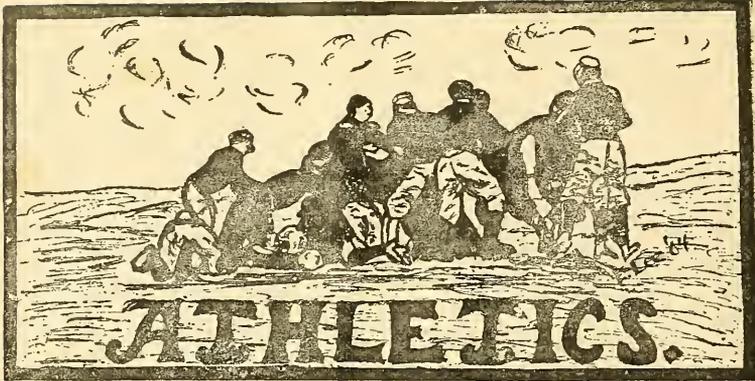
I sigh in vain to play again

In such a game as of old.

—L. L.

Wiernik, '10—I like to laugh at fools
sometimes.

Fink, '10—Yes, all fools like to laugh
at each other.



FOOTBALL.

Farm School, 0; Penn Charter, 25

On October 16, Farm School met defeat on Queen Lane at the hands of the strong eleven representing Penn Charter. Outweighed by over thirty pounds to the man, the "green and gold" found themselves facing a team much above their class. Notwithstanding this, they played with all their pluck and nerve, but were finally defeated by a score of 25 to 0.

For Farm School, Rudley and Weil played a strong defensive game. While for Penn Charter, Campbell and F. Christine were the stars.

The line-up was as follows:

N. F. S.	Position	P. C.
Major	L. E.	Williams
Leon	L. T.	Dougherty
(Spyer)	(Ostrolenk)	Richards
Green	L. G.	Guetter
		(Peoples)
Feldman	C.	Rothschild
(Spyer)		
Ratner	R. G.	Watkins
Frank	R. T.	Campbell
(Margulies)		(O'Brien)
Schlessinger	R. E.	Ballack
(Weil)		(Luyston)
Rudley	Q.	Burdick
		(Trainer)
Fleisher	L. H.	F. Christine
		(Radcliff)
Miller	R. H.	Ogden
		(Hunter)
Lieb	F. B.	Dillon
(Leon)		(Huber)

Umpire, Condor. Referee, Wallenta. Timekeeper, Porter. Length of halves, 20 minutes.

L. O.

Farm School, 2; Trenton, 0

On November 3, Farm School won a most glorious victory over the Trenton High School, winning by a safety made in the early part of the first half. Although Trenton slightly outweighed Farm School, the team work displayed by Farm School gave her the better of the argument. Farm School was penalized several times during the game, and this was largely the reason for her not piling up a larger score. For Farm School, Captain Miller, Leon, Schlessinger and Feldman excelled. Miller proved himself strong as a punter, sending the ball close to fifty yards several times during the game.

The details of the game were as follows:

The half opened with Miller, of Farm School, kicking off to Trenton. The ball was caught on their five yard line and carried forward to the twelve yard mark. Trenton attempted a forward pass which resulted in no gain. A line play gave them two yards. Another attempt at a forward pass caused a fumble, in which one of their own men kicked the ball behind the goal line. In the rush to recover the ball, Howell, of Trenton, fell on the ball; scoring two points for Farm School, the only score of the game.

The ball was brought to the twenty-five yard line, where Trenton chose to put the ball in play. Upon failing to gain their distance in the first two downs, Trenton punted. Schlessinger caught the ball near mid-field and carried it back to Trenton's forty yard line. Miller plunged through the line for four yards. Leon proved good for the remainder and made first down. Fleischer bucked the line for three yards. On an end run, Farm School failed to gain. Miller punted. Trenton caught the ball and was downed on their fifteen yard line. Failing to gain ground on their first two plays, Trenton punted. The ball struck out of bounds before being touched by any player, but was recovered by a Trenton man. By the referee's decision, the ball went to Trenton. Again failing to make good in the first two downs, Trenton punted. Leon caught the ball and carried it to mid-field. Farm School then worked the ball steadily towards their opponents' goal by consistent line plunges. When near the twenty yard line, time was called. Score: Farm School, 2; Trenton, 0.

The second half opened with Trenton kicking off to Schlessinger, who returned the ball to his own twenty-five yard line. A criss-cross between Majer and Miller resulted in no gain. Leon was sent through tackle for six yards. Miller punted, Trenton signaled for a "fair catch," and caught the ball on their own fifty yard line. Failing to gain, they punted. Farm School returned the ball to their own forty yard line. Here Miller broke away for fifteen yards. Leon gained eight through center. Farm School gained continually till reaching Trenton's tried for a field goal, which proved untried for a field goal which proven unsuccessful.

The ball was then brought to the twenty-five yard line, where Trenton put it in play. Failing to gain, they punted. Farm School received ball near mid-field and on the first play

Farm School was penalized fifteen yards for hurdling by Fleischer. Miller punted. Trenton returned the ball to Farm School's fifty yard line. The first three plays gave them their required distance, thereby gaining first down, the only time during the whole game. Trenton tried for a field goal which proved unsuccessful. Farm School returned the ball to the twenty yard line. Miller punted. After several exchanges of punts, time was called. Final score: Farm School, 2; Trenton High School, 0.

The line-up was as follows:

Farm School	Position	Trenton
MajerL. E.....	Rochford
MarguliesL. T... Boyd (Nash)	
GreenL. G.....	Rebsam
SpyerC.....	Dinges
		(O'Connor)
RatnerR. G.....	Allfather
FeldmanR. T.....	Rogers
WeilR. E.....	Howell
SchelssingerQ.....	Ogden
FleischerL. H.....	Cox
Miller (Capt)	..R. H..	Miller (Capt)
LeonF. B.....	Cramer
Referee,	Horn. Umpire,	Ball. Lines-
man,	Lieb.	Length of halves, 20 minutes.
		L. O.

Farm School, 4; Easton High, 11.

On November 10th the Farm School team joined by a number of supporters of the "green and gold," traveled to Easton to meet the heavy High School aggregation of that city. Although meeting defeat, the strong playing done in the second half is creditable to our team.

Easton High scored two touchdowns in the first half; both the results of two spectacular end runs. In the second half Farm School completely outplayed their opponents, and were successful in scoring a goal from field. The defensive work of Green was exceptionally good.

The following is a detailed account of the game:
Easton kicked off to Farm School.

Miller caught the ball and advanced to the twenty-five yard line. On the first play, a criss-cross between the ends netted ten yards. A line buck gave two yards. On an end run, Farm School failed to gain. Miller punted. Easton returned the ball to the forty yard line. On a line play, they advanced one yard. On an end run three more yards were added. Another end play resulted in a spectacular run for thirty yards, which resulted in Easton pushing the ball over for a touchdown. Easton failed to kick goal.

Farm School kicked to Easton, who was downed on their twenty yard line. Easton gained gradually till reaching slightly past mid-field. Farm School then gained possession of the ball. Miller punted. Easton again worked the ball towards mid-field, and on a long end run, Youell succeeded in carrying the ball across the goal line. Easton kicked goal. Shortly after this, the half ended. Score: Easton, 11; Farm School, 0.

In the second half Farm School displayed much better form of football playing. Not once during this half were they in danger of their opponents' scoring. Farm School kicked to Easton. Easton being unable to gain, punted. Farm School pushed the ball to within twenty-five yards of their opponents' goal line, where Miller attempted to kick from placement, but failed. Easton recovered the ball and put it in play on their twenty-five yard line. Attempting a forward pass which proved unsuccessful, gave Farm School the ball. Again Farm School came within twenty-five yards of Easton's goal line. Another attempt at a kick from placement proved unsuccessful. Easton again put the ball in play on their twenty-five yard line. Failing to gain, they punted. Farm School worked the ball up to the fifteen yard line, where Rudley safely sent the ball over the crossbar, scoring four points. During the remainder of the half Farm School had things her way but were unable to do fur-

ther scoring. Final score: Easton, 11; Farm School, 4.

The line-up was as follows:

Farm School	Position	Easton High
MajorL. E.....	H. Smith
MarguliesL. T.....	Williams
	(Ostrolenk)	
GreenL. G.....	Duffin
SpyerC.....	C. Bock
Ratner (Rock)	..R. G.....	Kenley
FeldmanR. T.....	Youell
WeilR. E.....	McCool
RudleyQ.....	Mahn
FleischerL. H.....	C. Smith
Miller (Capt)	..R. H.....	Heck
LeonF. B.....	E. Smith
		M. L.

Farm School, 0; Manual, 6.

On a field covered with one inch of snow, Farm School held the strong team representing Central Manual of Philadelphia to the low score of one touchdown; this only score being made on a fluke. Outweighed by over twenty pounds per man, Farm School put up a plucky fight from start to finish.

Once during the game, Manual had advanced within two yards of Farm School's goal, but the green and gold" held their own, and pushed Manual back for a six yard loss.

On the offensive, Major, of Farm School played a good game, making two long end runs. While on the defensive, Capt. Miller, Feldman, Leon and Rudley excelled.

Harcourt, Morris and Roth played a star game for Manual.

The teams lined up as follows:

Farm School	Position	Manual
MajorL. E.....	Clayton
RockL. T.....	Donnelly
GreenL. G.....	Adams
SpyerC.....	Hassan
RatnerR. G.....	Woidefl
FeldmanR. T.....	McCartney
Schlessinger	..R. T.....	Roth
RudleyQ.....	Edison (Morris)
FleischerL. H.....	Wickham
Miller (Capt)	..R. H.	Hewitt
		(Harcourt)
LeonF. B.....	Pollock
		Referee, Morris. Umpire, Durward.
		M. L.

N. F. S.—Rah! Rah!

N. F. S.—Rah! Rah!

Hoo-rah! hoo-rah!

Farm School, Farm School,
Rah! Rah! Rah!

Warning

Get your rain checks before entering into a conversation with Ratner.

Green is the glory of the springtime—
Gold, the harvest and the sunshine.

Blended together their meaning is
foretold,

Three cheers for the “Green and
Gold.”

Slightly Confused

Spyer, '10 (Panting heavily.)—Prof.
Baker, do you know where Dr. Bishop
(Prof. Bishop) is—no I mean Prof.
Washburn (Dr. Washburn.)

Major, '09, (who recently received
the cold shoulder from his best girl.)

“It is better to have loved and lost,
Than never to have loved at all.”

Oh! sighed a Freshman what shall I do
For I have got the chills;

And what do you think he got to cure
them,

But a box of Murphy's pills.

The Farm School Wail

There are tales by the score,
Tails that waggle—
Tails that taggle.

But of all told or more
“Have no mail”
Is saddest wail.

NOTICE

The “Sons of Rest” will meet next
Tuesday night at seven, sharp.

(Signed) Fink, Solomon, Spyer, Levy,
Rosenstine, Committee.

Ostrolenk, '09—What do you think
struck Solomon in the eye.

Berg, '09—What was it?

Ostrolenk, '09—A Rock (Rock).

One, two, three, four,

Two, four, three, four,

Four, eleven, forty-four.

Who are we for?

Farm School—Farm School—

Rah! Rah! Rah!

Levy, '10—Say, Rosenstein, you'd
better start to get off the track. The
train will be here within four minutes.

Blackman, '10—What is the differ-
ence between Doctor and Berg riding
horseback?

Colton, '10—About two hundred
pounds.

RAH! RAH! RAH!

Let's give three cheers for the foot-
ball team

And the colors of “green and gold;”
May victory over them ever gleam,
The same as in days of old.

We know we cannot always win,

But we'll strive to do our best;
With brain and brawn, vigor and vim,
We'll play with fiery zest.

And though the other teams are strong

We will not play in vain;
For with the trick and criss-cross plays
We're sure to always gain.

And when the season's games are o'er

We'll count the vict'ries won.
And just the same as in days of yore
We'll feel our duty done.

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